Bill Nye Addresses the Sons of the Soil.

DISCUSSES DIVERS PROBLEMS

And Tells How to Amuse the Soil So That It Will Laugh in the Autumn With Abundance.

The following are extracts from an address which I am now preparing and hope to deliver before our encompment of farmers to be held at Philadelphia during the coming autumn. The subject selected for the address is, "Why do farmers est canned vegetables?" Later I shall also speak, if urged to do so, on the subject of "The appalling death



PARMER GETTING ADVICE.

among horned cattle along the right of way of railways and the liability of common carriers for loss of memory and impaired vitality among mules, caused directly or indirectly by injuries received at the hands of such mmon carriers."

I shall speak with considerable abandon regarding railways. I shall cry alond and spare not. Yesterday I wrote to Mr. Boyd, of the Pennsylvania road, for transportation for self and wife to and from the encampment, and a good time may be confidently looked forward to if Mr. Boyd should send same as requested in my estuemed favor of late

In speaking to the farmers of the United States I feel some freedom and some sympathetic interest, for by birth and natural selection I am a farmer, having passed my earlier years on a farm, and now in my declining days, "when the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock," I am again encouraging the horny growth which betokens manual toil in the field. Literature with me has been merely a fad, an incident, as it were. Farming has been my joy, my life, my boon, my outing, my vacation, my dream and my religion. While I have flown to the pen in my hours of dejection and when cast down, my life work has been to cross the sheep sorrel with the horse chestnut. and thus produce a clotheshorse that

would give general satisfaction.

It is therefore with no newly awakened intelligence that I approach agricultural questions, but with the courage and vigor of an 8-pound and 6-ounce brain that has thought rapidly upon these subjects while other brains were seeking good society, where they could avoid thought. It is not a newborn thought, with a limber neck and long clothes, that I introduce to your notice today, but mature and well seasoned judgment upon these matters which so closely interest the farming millions of America. We as farmers are like the horse-patient and intelligent, but yet with a power which if used in our own interests would easily jolt the spine of the professional man and cause him to sit up in the middle of the road and exclaim bitterly, "Where was I at?"

The question before us is, "Why do farmers eat canned vegetables?"

One reason, I opine, is that they "come from the store." But is that a cogent reason? Should we eat an inferior artiele of food at a high price in order to be metropolitan and assume an air of reckless gayety and ground feed which so ill

Another reason that we est canned regutables. I opine again, is that we have been trying to live down an erroneous impression noticeable for many years among the gay and godless but well clad residents of the city. For centuries it was generally believed by those who dwelt in town that farmers ate large quantities of cream, and that their gardens were full of every con-

LOGIC OF THE FARM ceivable from vegetable and fruit. This theory has been exploded with a loud and reverberating report.

Farmers cut less cream than the pale and seductory but scholarly green goods dealer, and the poor people of the busy marts of trade have more fresh vegetables, except when they are in the country on their regular Fresh Air Fund vacation, than the farmer does. Farmers as a class have to grow their crops for market, and they are in luck if they can market them. If they cannot market them, of course they can est them, but not otherwise.

Of course in these calculations we do not consider the agricultural freak known as the fore handed farmer, but rather the rank and file-the mass, as it were-of those who are seeking to wring from a reluctant and buggy soil bread for the enter, seed for the sower, wool for the wearer, ment for the meater and soup for the souper.

We farmers are often asked: Why don't you keep our boys on the farm? Why do we not entertain them more Why don't we have a billiard table and erchestrion in the barn, so that our boys can be happy at home and not seek to become rouss and debunchees? They also ask us why we do not get a pair of bright red mules and raise a flock of nice red mules for the busy mart.

Most every one feels free to advise the farmer, and every little while some man who has amassed eighty-four dallars in trade comes out on the farm with a case of ginger ale, and also one of hay fever, bringing with him, too, a little red covered book on how to amuse the soil so that it will laugh in the autumn with abundance.

Anon he will be seen trying to hive a large mortgage by means of a green mosquito net, but with ill success. The farmer obtains more such advice and example than most anybody else. Those who fear that they may not succeed as ragpickers in town still know that they can succeed on the farm if the worst comes to the worst. Even the man who picks up the stubs of costly cigars in front of the Authors' club by means of a gold headed cane with a brad in the end says to himself at night: "Voilat It matters not. Tray beyent! If I fail at this the clover scented fields are awaiting me. Negotiam est negotiam! I may at least buy a cow and sise virus for vaccinating purposes on the farm."

Even the sore eyed beggar who haunts the busy marts says over and over again beneath his awe inspiring breath: "I am not at the bottom yet. I still live in town. If I fail mentally I may still be

But is there no way by which we as farmers may at least get a percentage of the vegetables that grow on the face of the earth? "How I pity the people," says Mr. T. Greiner, "who from choice or necessity are confirmed eaters of hog, and the murderous monotony of whose scrofulous diet is not broken or offset by the gratifying changes which the home garden affords! How I pity the sad eyed housewife with the daily question on her mind, 'What shall I cook for breakfast, for dinner, for supper?"

We may not be able to have Neapolitan ice cream at every meal on the farm. but we may raise vegetables. I have this season grown the plainer vegetables with great success, and though some of them have cost more than I could wish I hope to reduce the expense by another year, so that I will feel it less.

We should not give up too easily in trying to raise vegetables is better than nothing, but corn grown on the place is far better. So it is with all other truck. An acre will keep a large family in vegetables and produce some to sell. I could not sell any this year; but next year, if I can raise a few extra vegetables and sell them at what they have cost me this year, I will buy a billiard table and fit up a dive in the barn, so that the boys will not yearn to I lit his pipe and got in his waggin. Then leave the farm.

I notice that we should take more care to have our vegetables early. The earher you can have your vegetables ready in the spring the more notice they will attract. I surmised this myself this season, but my cold frame was a shade too cold, I presume. At least when my vegetables were ready for the market they created no excitement. Again I erred in selecting the site for my garden. I chose it because it had a good view of Mount Pisgah, and in doing so forgot to choose a place that was arable. Arability is one of the most charming qualities a garden can possess.

Fried pork and lardy pies give us the "American complexion," and heavy or hot bread helps to bring out its beauties. It is no disgrace to be a peasant, but it is a disgrace to endow our children with the pork habit and the pork complexion in a land where the sun and soil and rain. invite us to grow and eat other things. Salt nork over and over and over

ples in youth and in maturer years to run for congress. Rancid becon, impure lard and heavy hot bread generation after generation produce the dyspeptics and disturbers of a nation-the Sockless Simpsons and the Witless Watsons of

According to statistics taken in Illinois in 1888, only 17 per cent, of the farmers had strawberry patches. Pork and pat-



ent medicines play into each other's hands on the farm, and the boy who ought to be a young giant at twenty is

a pallid, scranny and unhappy old man. Many a farmer boy has to go into town for by watermelons, his apples and his strat berries. He may be able to get a taste of them on the Fourth of July, and that has to do, for on other days he has to work so hard that in the

evening he is too tired to steal them. A farmer's horse will not do his work unless he has the proper food and of the best quality, but many a farmer's wife is required to eat unwholesome food and cook it herself, then to do the other work and become the mother of self made and sockless statesmen besides.

Let us take these great truths to heart, fellow farmers, and encourage the truck patch, not for gain, but that our wives and children may be well and happy. Would you rather fill a family with asparagus or pain killer? Should we properly nourish our children or feed them with patent medicines?

It is true that we have many, very many foes to meet—unfavorable weather from without and insects from withinbut these are to be met with philosophy and other chemicals. Eternal vigilance is the price of the watermelon, and the same rule may be applied to other vegetables. Many preventives have been patented and introduced among farmers, and most of them are of no avail. Yet gardening has made much advancement, as has also agriculture generally, stock

raising and bee culture. Some years ago, in Georgia, there lived a farmer whom we will call Troofie-

Amos E. Troofle. "I was working one summer for Troofle," said a neighbor of mine the other day while speaking of the rapid strides that agriculture had made lately. "I was working there and so was my brother Cale. One afternoon a man comes along that was selling these here paytent bee gums with sashes to 'em that gits shet of a good deal of the trouble it is to hive a passle of bees, and he wanted right smart to sell one to paytent bee gums as times was, for money matters was powerful scurce

"But the man he hung on and allowed that hit would suit him to stop for din ner and feed his horse, and then if Troobuild the gum for a dollar and give Troofle the directions, so's that he could operate it and not get stung.

"After dinner the man took and turned in and made up the bee gum with what we could hope him, understand, and Troofle give him his dollar and the man Troofle says, regarding them directions, 'Mister, you mustn't forgit that 'fore you go, fer nuthin pesters me like a bee sting, and I regard 'em as the pizenest pain was terrible, and it was thought thing in the whole world.' 'All right,' the burn was so severe as to scar the says the feller, and so Troofle calls me and Cale to come there, so's that if he was away when the bees swarmed we after greasing the sore, she applied. It

far away from home and sort of lone- gist, No. 58 Monroe street. somelike, 'You have saw,' he says, 'how the gum is made for the convenience of the bee, and with regards to gettin stung, he says, kind of touching up his party that the coming presidential stock with the whip and startin off down | election means victory, that it would the road, 'the best way to get shet of a sppear that stremons exertions will be bee sting is to not go nigh where they made in the struggle. Leaders of local roditical string. air.

of except for the sluggard to resort te. one of the largest dealers in the coun-

black insect with a sharp acid taste, and in Africa is eaten as a relish in place of pickles. Mr. Stanley very truly says that in equatorial Africa the natives often use the larger ants on their blue points instead of lemon.

Bothing water is the best treatment for ants. The ant bores into the ground and constructs a residence of halls and galleries, which if filled with hot water may be robbed of its homelike air. Poisoned molasses are also used near the ant hole with good effect, so that I have seen as high as 1,000 ants and a sluggard or two killed in one night in a small garden where muskmelons were growing in profusion.

The aphus, or plant louse, is another enemy of the farmer, and may be said to rank next to the tariff and the man who wishes to explain same. Tobacco is death on the plant louse. The louse is bitterly opposed to the use of tobacco in any form and cannot see why it should be popular with anybody.

The asparagus beetle is another insect that seems to be getting quite a hold upon the American people. Kerosene ulsions will work well on these bugs and break down their constitutions, The bean weevil and pea weevil give the gardener much trouble, and especially in fields where the canned bake bean is maturing. Where the weavil has gained ground in Massachusetts the cans which used to attain an average! weight of four pounds now rarely weigh over two pounds.

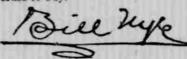
The Ohio experiment station has ascertained that seed exposed to a heat of 145 degs. Fahrenheit is free from the larvæ of the bean weevil and may possibly germinate if planted.

The green lettuce worm, the radish fly, the cabbage worm, the lightning rod worm, the celery worm, the corn or boll worm, the cucumber beetle, the cut-worm, the flea beetle, the onion maggot, the May beetle, the onion fly and the parsley worm are a few of the farmer's friends; also the dew weevil and its enemy, the dogood.

Snails are voracions enemies of the garden, and Mr. Greiner says that the only way to deal with them is to scatter pieces of orange peel on the ground at night, and in the morning one can, if very active, capture the snail, which is so fond of the orange peel that it forgets to go home to its family for breakfast, and thus may be headed off and run down by a brisk man.

We need hardly mention the squash vine borer, the squash bug, the wireworm or the unearned increment, all of which are the enemies of the farmer and the gardener.

Let us strive against these foes and seek intelligently to eat more good vegetables at home instead of saving for our families only those articles which the rich, the pampered and the sedentary



There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pro-nounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constant-Troofle, but Troofle felt too pore to buy ly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and Science therefore freatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manu-factured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on fle would furnish the lumber he would the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimoniais. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggests, 75c.

A little boy of Mrs. McDonald's, living near here, fell against a red hot stove and was fearfully burned. The child for life. I sold the lady a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which, soon removed all the fire and eased the could 'tend to 'em without gittin stung. pain, and in ten days the boy was well, "The feller took two or three draws no trace of the scar remaining.—J. D. at his pipe, and then he says, kind of McLesn, Keysport, Clinton county, slow and thoughtful, like a man that is Ill. For sale by F. J. Wurzberg, drug-

Hot Political Campaign.

It is claimed so strongly by each political clubs who are considering Among the enemies to plant life are the ant, which I never could see the use the are to purchase campaign goods will do well to correspond with G. F. Foster, Son & Co., Chicago, who are The ant, or formica, is a small red or try in hanners, flags, regains, etc.

# ALAS!

(Or something like it), says many a school boy now that vacation is nearly over and school days so near at hand. You can make the dear boy more contented with his work, and more manly and self-reliant by sending him to school neatly dressed in a bright new suit. And where can you find a better or cheaper suit for the boy than in our large and comfortable Boys' Department, where our long years of experience have taught us what the boys want in the way of clothes? We have boys' good clothes at all prices and charge no more for our superior qualities than others do for inferior grades.

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